

Hi, Dave - give got you on my comp list. It's a short list, so please keep it between you & me at all times! Thanks, pal. Thanks to for being cool about Sushi all these months, too. Best wks, kb, Jeff Mullins

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi ^{#2} 2/93

For next issue send \$1 w/ S.A.S.E. to P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158

'G'NITE,
CACTUS!
-- Jim Ross

Cactus Jack has climbed half-way up the outside of the Thunder Cage and is waving and goof-balling with the Mecca arena crowd-that-won't-quit!

Directly below him, Jim Ross and Jesse Ventura are wrapping up the hottest CLASH in recent memory! They can hardly contain their smiles of jubilation!

Cactus, the ever-night crowd darling, what Santa Claus would look like if Ozzy Osborne had input, is wearing only one boot. He lost the other one after attacking Paul Orndorff, Van Vader, and Barry Windham when he did a run-in to help Sting and Dustin Rhodes.

Jack is rocking back and forth on the cage and is aping to the TV cameras and looking over his shoulders at the crowd that still won't leave the building.

There's only ten seconds left of the 2½ hour (1/13) CLASH from Milwaukee, WI.

I'm 2,000 miles away, sitting on the edge of my sofa, pinching myself to see if I've just had a terrific dream, and I'm thinking, "Holy Cow!" I just got to see this for free!!!

Jim Ross is going ballistic and is coming

Hello, everyone. I'm Jeff Mullins, editor of this pint-sized little bucket of (Uncensored! Uncut! Uncooked!) rasslin eels, Boston crabs, and Yokozuna squid-burgers! As promised, here we are again, lunging out of hiding when you least expected it! The way you like it! The whey you love it! The weigh it's gotta beeeeeee!

If you are reading this issue now, sometime around Martin Luther King's birthday, you are probably one of the lucky ones who heeded the advice in issue #1 of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi...to immediately send a \$1 bill plus a clearly printed SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE to: Jeff Mullins, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158. Again, do not send checks, money orders, or more money & S.A.S.E.'s than explained above (unless you want the 9½ year old kid who lives here to phone or fax you before 9:00 a.m.!).

(SNS -- Sushi News Service)

WIDOW NOT HAPPY WITH WWF !

NEW YORK, NY -- SNS has learned that Coretta King, widow of slain civil rights leader Martin Luther King, has asked Titan Sports to stop televising segments which portray former heel manager Slick as a "born again" black preacher who mimics the voice of her fallen husband.

SNS learned that WWF chief Vince McMahon, publicist Steve Planamenta, and "Reverend" Slick were in a supermarket not far from Madison Square Garden where they were selecting fruits and vegetables for an angle to be taped later that night, when Mrs. King approached them and made her request, charging that the use of Slick in a role that clearly mimics MLK and demeans important speeches made by her husband was unconscionable, even for pro wrestling.

SNS also learned that while Mrs. King chastised them, McMahon and Slick stood perfectly still, were patiently silent, and behaved uncharacteristically polite and gentlemanly among the market's rows of leafy greens and bins full of tropical fruits and large exotic nuts.

REV. SLICK TD NO LONGER MIMIC REV. KING

NY, NEW YORK -- SNS learned about Mrs. Coretta King's supermarket conversation (with Vince McMahon and Slick) from a police report containing a sworn statement by WWF employee Steve Planamenta who said, "Vince McMahon and Slick were not the ones who attacked and viciously pier-sixed Mrs. King later that night!"

Planamenta's affidavit also said, "The entire time Vince and Slick were in the market amidst the store's fruits and vegetables, (where Mrs. King was roasting their nuts over the coals by calling Vince a 'racist pig' and telling Slick he was a jive-assed 'Uncle Tom,' their heads were bowed in shame, their eyes were focused sheepishly on their shoelaces, and their arms were hanging motionlessly at their sides, respectfully, almost as if they were at a wedding, or in attendance at a wake in a funeral parlor. She was right, they were wrong, she knew it, they admitted it, and Vince promised on the spot that Slick would no longer make fun of MLK. Everyone shook hands and that was it. Mrs. King continued her shopping over in the dairy section while Vince and Slick continued to fill their cart with fresh produce and other exotic perishables. In fact, afterwards, I heard Vince mention to the market's

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to the part where he says
goodnight to everybody,
and Jesse, looking up at
the big, happy, hairy
monkey on the cage, tells
Ross not to forget to say
goodbye to Jack.

Ross turns around,
looks up at the gleeful
maniac on the cage and in
a voice full of tolerance
and the kind of brotherly
love you might have for
someone in your family
who is harmless even
though they may have
severe psychological
problems, he says,
"Goodnight, Cactus!"

And the hottest TV
wrestling crowd to attend
a WCW show in years still
thinks its New Years F---
ing Eve and just won't go
home!

And who but the odd
and feckless among us
could blame them?! Not
one match, not one skit,
not one gimmick or
promotional tape hyping
the (2/21) SUPERBRAWL III
was less than **½ nor,
ironically, in my opinion
was there anything in the
ring that qualified for
**** unless you count
seeing a minute or so of
Jim Cornette in a tape
that WCW showed to
feature the appearance of
Ricky and Robert who will
be on loan from Smoky
Mountain at S'BRAWL!

Yet, even without the
big four and five star
matches, the entire show
continued to produce one
good segment, one good
match right after the
other, and did so in such
a dramatic way, I
completely forgot about
the fact that I had
missed seeing the first
seven minutes of the show
until I replayed the tape
after it was over.

Naw, I can't. Yeah,
I'm not blind and I'm not
deaf, and I think I can

produce manager what a wonderful woman he thought Mrs. King was. I
heard him say it right after he ordered Slick to knock off the Reverend
Martin Luther King imitation and, instead, from now on, do an
impersonation of the Reverend Jesse Jackson!"

...OBJECTS EXPLODED UPON CONTACT!

NY, NY -- Amid circumstances which seem painfully transparent,
NYPD officials claim they have no reason to believe the brutal, early
evening mugging of the wife of fallen civil rights leader Martin Luther
King had anything to do with the peaceful protest Mrs. King lodged with
Vince McMahon regarding the WWF's use of the character "Rev. Slick" who
Mrs. King believes mocks the name and dehumanizes the image of her late
husband.

Police witnesses said Mrs. King was walking alone through a dimly
lighted area near Madison Square Garden on the night of a WWF card when
suddenly she was jumped by two men (one very buffed, the other very
skinny) who repeatedly beat and pummeled her with objects that seemed to
"explode upon contact with her head."

Famed pro wrestling surgeon Dr. Budweiser "Bud" Waterman from
Stanford Medical Center in California, who happened to be in the
emergency room at the time Mrs. King was brought in, said, "Never before
have I seen a person's head embedded with so many chunks of pineapple
and coconut shells! It was like harvest-time in Hawaii!"

Almost as an afterthought, Dr. Waterman muttered to no one in
particular, "Hey, is Piper back?"

SOMETHING 'FISHY' ABOUT 'RAW'!

Wooooo! Has this been an intense month for graps? With February
still a 1-o-n-g way off, we've seen the return (so to speak) of
something fishy from Sushiland, Mark Madden of the Torch being
guaranteed he will never be invited to attend Steve Beverly's next
stress-related breakdown, a big white guy who looks Samoan, walks
Samoan, and talks Samoan (but ain't Samoan!) doing his best to get
stretchered by Bozo The Clown's geeked-out cousin Doink, the debut of
several new sports entertainment shows, including the WWF's MONDAY NIGHT
RAW ***½ mostly due to third-man side-kick Rob Bartlett, a funny yet
tasteless NY radio personality who said of Yokozuna: "That's one big-
butted Oriental!" in an age when the cunning little yellow folks from
the post-WWII east would like to be referred to as "Asians" (way to pick
'em Vince, butt he was funny), the intimate polished wood look of the
beautiful Manhattan Center venue itself, and a format so full of quirks
and gimmicks it was, uh, "fishy?" (it could have been **** but Heenan's
trying to sneak in gig was over-sold), WWF MANIA, which debuts after we
go to print, and something called KNIGHTS & WARRIORS (from the Warrior
Dome!) which for some reason looks, talks, and feels like the old
ROLLERGAMES show, sans the roller "wall of death" and Ralphy Baladeras,
using rejects from AMERICAN GLADIATORS tryouts, and, no kiddin, a Hawk
wannabe who couldn't be if he had to be in three lifetimes, and that's
being kind. DUD!

Added to all that, Ron Simmons dropping the WCW Heavy strap to
Vader ("Where am I going after losing this match? I damn well ain't
going to Disneyland!"), the other big or reported Week-of-the-CLASH
surprises! (Now, honestly, were you really surprised?), Jesse "The Body"
Ventura lining up (after Nailz, I guess) to play grab bag in Vince
McMahon's deep pockets (He wants royalties for his WWF tapes and dolls
from back in the 80's: "Hey, that ain't no roll of money I just grabbed
down there, McMahon!"), the Beatlemania-like hysteria at airports,

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tell the difference between perfume and methane. And yes, it was a bit embarrassing (especially when compared to the rest of the remarkably strong show.) But, Jeez, why spoil the fun and the sweet flavor of the other two hours and forty-three minutes? Hell, as far as I am concerned, if The Cowboy can continue to deliver product like the CLASH, he can show old home movies of himself changing Erik's diapers for all I care! The rest of the show was simply that good and enjoyable!

Interesting that this was the first show in, what, a billion years that did not have either Missy, or Madusa, or Paul E., or Jason Herve, or an old baseball guy, or P.S. Hayes, or any manager other than the legendary Harley Race, etc. on live (though some were seen on segment tapes).

Basically, the CLASH from the Mecca was just something delicious and savory, something a lot of us have not seen in the U.S. for quite a while, something called professional wrestling.

I hope it wasn't an accident. And with Ric Flair returning to WCW, well, fingers crossed!

[Private Editorial Note: Skip over this part unless you live in Campbell-by-the-Sea:

Hey, Dave, it looks like Bill Watts took my advice. I just never realized he would go as far with it as he did! Good thing that the

hotels, and sold-out arenas across the land whenever Superstar Erik Watts comes to town (Oops, sorry about that!), the ROYAL RUMBLE still to come on 1/24, and the burning questions: Is Lex Luger really doing "Narcissus" and (kids, please, don't try this at home) will he really-- Hock Fooey!--be kissing his own tits as part of his gimmick on TV? Even though Yokozuna is actually Polynesian, he does still have a large zip-code, and one wonders, if his number is a low one, will he still be able to haul that 505-pound ass to the ring on time...before the RUMBLE ends? And if a 230-pound Hulk Hogan shows up, without entrance music and without 24-inch pythons, will anybody notice?

Go to the bank that Vince is furious with Hogan for going on a 1/4 nationally syndicated talk show and telling listeners, in effect, there was no way he would be showing up via the surprise run-in route at ROYAL RUMBLE. Do you have any idea how many people were going to buy the RUMBLE pay per view, when push came to shove, just because down deep they hoped this would be the big show where Hulk did his comeback? If Hogan goes on any more shows with the comment, I've been told that McMahon's suits are telling Vince the eventual buy will be 10% to 15% less than it should be if too many of the above category marks find out what Hogan is saying. Ironic, isn't it? That Hogan is still an important revenue source and draw for the WWF just because some people out there hope he will show up. And if he does show-up? At RUMBLE or WRESTLEMANIA IX? (Remember that James Bond once said, "Never say Never!") It means that the 1/4 cannon ball Hogan fired over Vince's bow worked.

■ THE DAY THE WRESTLING MUSIC DIED ■

Alas, amidst all the strum and drang, January also heralds the end of a wrestling epoch-of-sorts, as someone who was "there" (when the whole wide world of graps was going ballistic back in the mid 80's) has decided to hang up his working shoes (an announcement will be made the week of 1/18)...and will be sorely missed by those of us who know him to be a really wonderful guy, a terrific talent, and a good friend in a biz that really seems to test the true meaning of the word "friendship" to the max. On a personal level, I am not ashamed to admit that when he spoke with me about his decision to call it a day, I got a serious case of moisture in the eyes. Remember that song, "The Day the Music Died?" I know for sure a lot of you are going to feel the same way about it, too.

'JUMPER' PUZZLES AUTHORITIES!

BIG APPLE, NY -- Authorities are still puzzled as to why Mrs. Martin Luther King jumped out a window in the hospital where she was recovering from injuries sustained when she was double-teamed by fruit and coconut pelting muggers last week outside a WWF show at MSG.

"When I walked into her room, she took one look and pop, out the window she went!" said WWF Superstar Kamala, who had dropped by (while still wearing his ring attire) to give Mrs. King a get well card (signed by WWF employees) and a large basket of fruit and nuts (from Vince and Slick.)

"Was it something I said?" Kamala asked, rolling his eyes and tongue. "Or was there something in that basket she was allergic too?"

VINCE, SUSHIBOYS TO MEET IN LOCKER ROOM

Am I the only person wondering why, on the night of the "big" 1/11 premier show, neither Dave, nor Wade, nor any of the Atlanta Boys called Sushiland? To find out how much Vince McMahon is paying Riki-Jack, Jubie Jay, and your's truly? For permission to use our style of Sushi

letter I sent you, to brighten up your own letters pages, didn't run in the pre-Clash Observer along with all that other solid stuff by all those other Jeff's, because, as it turned out, it would have completely shot the hell out of my utter lack of credibility and it would have destroyed my reputation as an illegitimate news source. So, please, brudda, you can run the usual plug for this sheet, by pointing out that it is nothing more than a cheap-shot, satire or comedy sheet published by mornons, but please, don't run the letter to the editor that I sent you in a moment of foolishness, the letter that would have put me over as being a timely, intelligent fellow observer, an uncanny prognosticator, too, of things that go grap, because I just don't know how well I could handle people saying, "Jeez, that Mullins fella actually knows what the f--- he's talking about. Or..."He's not a jerk afterall. He actually knew what was gonna happen at the CLASH!!" Dave, if people started saying s---like THAT, it could ruin me. And my life, my sheet, my reason for existence would be down the comode. Thanks in advance, brudda!]

Editorial note for public consumption: Dear Reader: Please, what ever you do, resubscribe to Meltzer's sheet for the maximum amount of subs! And do it now, even if you have a big number remaining on your address label! Send Dave \$100 and tell him to keep

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News Service stories and our typical Sunday family-morning breakfast gatherings as the format for Titan Sport's new WWF MONDAY NIGHT RAW?!

Actually, I am also wondering why Jeff Zinger of GAG! (Grunt & Groan!) and Lance LeVine of Chokehold, the pioneers of grap'n'guffaw sheets which paved the way for those of us who followed (like Bill Kunkel's Angle, Brian Tramel's Rasslin Riot, our own Pro Wrestling Sushi (before "Son of"), Paul Djizadi's Heavily Papered, and newcomer Shame on Your Mama's Key Post, I mean, Shenanumake Post) didn't call us either, at least to shake us down for a percentage of the moolah from Vince.

Well, actually, we haven't received the money yet. Vince wants the three of us (Jubie, Jack, and me) to drop by the locker room to get the pay-off from him in person when the WWF is in San Jose for it's 1/25 post-ROYAL RUMBLE taping. Jubie says he is going to lube-up his pythons with a lot of coco-butter ("So my fists and arms won't get stuck!") just in case Vince tries to pull a "Nailz" on us over the money...and Jubie has to smack him where he eats!

CACTUS JACK WORKING ON MOVE !!!

LOOKOUT POINT, AZ -- WCW wrestler Cactus Jack wants anyone with "raw video footage" of Coretta King's leap from the top floor window of a 100 story building to contact him.

"Before she took-out several pedestrians, I hear she did a few little Ray Stevens-like things in mid-flight that I may want to work into my act the next time I'm in a Battle Royal and get thrown over the top rope," said Jack, who also wants tapes of people jumping out of air planes without parachutes, bungee cord incidents, and the phone number of a good chiropractor in the Grand Canyon area where he is working on a new off-the-top move that will make Japanese moonsaults seem tame in comparison.

MICHIGAN'S MASTER OF MAT MIRTH

Every Wednesday, like clockwork (orange?), certain residents of the Greater Detroit Area, in Michigan-between-the-Lakes, stop what they are doing, pick-up a freshly inked copy of THE DETROIT NEWS, and flip to the Sports Pages for the sole purpose of finding out how Vince McMahon and his alter ego, WWF President Jack Tunney, and others at Titan are being sliced, diced, mashed, and puree'd by NEWS sports writer Jim Thompson and his alter ego, M.L. Curly, the newspaper's grappling gonzo of giggle!

How Thompson-Curly is able to come up with such incorrigible columns--week after week!--was a question put to this Michigan master of mat mirth a while back.

Basically, according to the punky punster (who Vince would like to stuff into a dippy-dumpster), Jim-M.L. watches the WWF SUPERSTARS show when he gets home from working the graveyard shift at the NEWS. After SUPERSTARS, he immediately takes a brief nap (during which he obviously has some of the wildest dreams known to man), then he wakes up, sits down at his word processor and fires up, much to the delight of his loyal readers, and certainly to the chagrin of the man whose cleft-chin catches most of the splatter, Vince McMahon.

Exposing angles, poking fun at gimmicks, and telling (millions!) of the newspaper's mainstream readers the outcome of WWF matches (before they air on local TV) are only some of Thompson-Curly's sins. Here are a few of the other transgressions this pile-driver of the alphabetical keyboard has punched out during the past few months.

-- Billions of people around the world and "several animal species" are wondering whether Mr. Perfect is sincere in accepting Savage as his new partner.

-- The highlight came when The Undertaker rose from the dead,

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the change! Tell him not to expose the editor of this simple minded chunk of shark bait! Beg him not to run the unfortunate letter I sent him after Xmas! Like Bobby Heenan begs for mercy, I am begging you all now! Fax, phone, write, cable Dave right now (after nine o'clock Pacific Time for christsakes!) and tell him these four, simple, beautiful words, "Don't do it, Dave!" He'll understand. God bless all of you!--ed.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Harry White,
St. Louis, MO

Big thanks to you and your TV sidekick, that Buddy Rogers-lovin', gum-chewin' motormouth "Big Daddy" for sharing with me the compilation tape (a.k.a.) video tribute you were instrumental in putting together in honor of your city and its legendary NWA promoter Sam Muchnick who, as far as I am concerned, is the real "Pride of St. Louis" (instead of that lanky fella who flew non-stop across the Atlantic in that little midget plane many years ago.)

Your idea of using local stand-up comics and area media personalities to tell little stories about the wrestlers and to introduce the taped interviews, monologues, old 8mm film, and priceless TV clips of grapplers who once wrestled in St. Louis, was a super gimmick. I also liked the Nat King

clobbered Kamala with the magical urn, and then stuffed Kamala in a sealed coffin...which contains only a six-month supply of air. Only McMahon knows whether Kamala will emerge again, and in what form: alive, dead or undead.

-- Once Kamala "turns good", he plans to join The Undertaker and challenge Dr. Harvey Whippleman and Kim Chee to a "double-casket match" at WrestleMania IX, a bout that should be at least as entertaining as the Hogan-Lugar match, which McMahon really hopes will take place, since Hogan has starred in every previous WrestleMania.

[Editor's Note: Before Nailz tried to punch a fist down Vince McMahon's throat, to see if his fist would pop out on the otherside of Vince's butt without breaking wind, Thompson-Curly told (billions!) of NEWS readers the following.]

-- The nightstick match in which Big Boss Man beat Nailz apparently didn't produce the level of wholesome family entertainment that McMahon wanted. So, on the cover of the January WWF Magazine, a picture of The Undertaker confronting Nailz is entitled "Their Gravest Challenge," and on page 34, under the heading: "Capital Punishment: The Undertaker Sentences Nailz to Death," is a picture of Nailz about to be strapped into an electric chair. This is hardly the WWF's first venture into shocking endings. Recall The Mountie who used a "zap stick" that registered 125,000 volts and was always the favorite weapon of moronic WWF President Jack Tunney, who has demanded that the voltage in the chair be at least 750,000 volts to make the voltage comparison between the chair and the zap stick seem realistic. All necessary, of course, to provide a positive example to the youth of America, which is supposed to be the WWF's prime objective in promoting its matches.

-- WWF President Jack Tunny has determined that the triggering factor behind a number of recent brawls is a toothpick. The toothpick has never been declared a legal WWF weapon (although electric-shock and airtight coffins have been). Tunney has concluded that every time Razor Ramon flicks his toothpick at someone a major fight breaks out, which upsets Tunney endlessly.

-- It seems that Marty Jannetty never learns his lesson. For bleeding when he was thrown through a plate-glass window by Shawn Michaels last year, Jannetty was suspended by Jack Tunney for 42 weeks. Now that he is back, Jannetty is still making trouble. Saturday on SUPERSTARS, Doink the Moronic Clown merely threw a pail of confetti on Bam Bam Bigelow, but Doink made a fool out of Jannetty by dousing him with a full pail of water. Tunney told Jannetty that it was against WWF rules to be doused with water, and warned Jannetty that he will be suspended the next time this happens. Based on Tunney's bizarre code of discipline, of course, Doink escaped without penalty or reprimand.

-- "Prankster Doink imperils WWF's credibility!" [Says a "serious" five column headline appearing above M.L. Curly's weekly wrestling tour de farce read by (trillions!) of true-believers in THE DETROIT NEWS.]

-- In two months, Doink the Clown has gone from being the WWF's biggest idiot to a truly malevolent terror and a role model for moronic WWF President Jack Tunny. At first Doink was satisfied by merely handing balloons to children, then popping the balloons with a pin, thus providing incredibly wholesome family entertainment. But now, after what he did to undefeated Hawaiian superstar Crush, Doink wants Tunney to award him a title match with WWF Champion Bret Hart, a match that would certainly raise the credibility level of "wrestling" to a new high, and make people forget that the WWF has to hire people such as Doink to replace popular stars such as Hulk Hogan and The Ultimate Warrior.

[Ed. Note: Truly, (zillions!) of Detroit area grap fans are blessed to have a newspaper which treats the fine sport of spurious spiff in a manner which it so rightfully deserves. When we here in Sushiland read the columns, which we are lucky enough to get our hands

I also liked Elaine, the delicious looking dark-haired news gal with eyes that said "suplex me!" from the Post Dispatch, who introduced the spot with Johnny "Weaver Lock" Weaver's former champion and still lady wrestler-wife, Penny Banner.

Among the other segments I liked best (and there were many-- with Rogers, Ox Baker, Dick The Bruiser, Von Raske, Dr. Bill Miller, Gene Kiniski, O'Connor, Bruno Sammartino, Lou Thesz, etc.) were the warm comments about Muchnick and about wrestling by Killer Kowalski, who could have just as soon as been a bedtime story teller for a kiddie TV show ("Nite, Nite' with Uncle Killer") rather than someone who gouged eyes and "worked" on "injured" knees for a living. The story concerning the vaunted history (and lingering body odors!) of the Missouri Championship Belt once worn by Ric Flair, Terry Funk, and Ted DiBiase, to name a few, was very funny. The old 8mm color footage of Harley Race vs a young Terry Funk (?) was remarkable, especially that dramatic scene when Race clamps on the leg lock and Funk, with his face contorted and arm raised to the ceiling, is

on, we often wonder what it might have been like back in the good ol' days if our own daily newspaper would have been running a similar column. ~~Hummmmmmm~~. One also wonders how the NEWS wrestling column must be affecting the impressionable, WWF'ercized minds of the (decapentillions!) of younger wrestling fans in Michigan who, after gobbling up great gobs of WWF goo, read Thompson-Curly's stuff as a "reality check"...or a heady antidote!]



-by-
Ryan
Jones

ROYAL RUMBLE OVER ROYALTIES !!!

"Oh, my God, yes! Take whatever you want! You can have it all!
But please! Untie the rope and let me down! P-l-e-a-s-e!

"You agree?"

"Yes, I agree! Just untie the rope...P-L-E-A-S-E!!

"You agree...to...everything?"

"EVERYTHING! Yes! Oh, help me! I can't stand heights! Get me down from here. I'm begging you!"

"We really don't want everything."

"But you can have everything! All of it! I swear on my father's grave. Remove the blindfold, too. And the handcuffs. And especially this rope! P-L-E-A-S-E!!!

"...We just want our fair share...like rock stars...and mainstream athletes...and movie stars. You have denied us for so long."

"I'm sorry! Really! I was very bad! Untie the rope!"

"We just want a reasonable amount of royalties from the sale of wrestling dolls, tapes, and other merchandise bearing our likenesses."

"You name it! You've got it! Retro-active, too. Or my name isn't Vince Mc..."

"How retro-active? How far back will you go to repay the royalties?"

"How far back do you want me to go, Jesse?"

"...To the early 80's."

"To hell with the 80's! Get me down from here and I'll go back to the days of the Roman Coliseum and Spartacus! I'll pay interest on royalties owed to the decendants of Ben Hur and the gladiators! I'll make up for back royalties to any Christain alive today whose forefather was fed to the lions! Just, please, take off this blindfold! Let me get down from here! Untie this...this...this rope!

"...It's not a rope..."

"It's not a rope???"

"...It's not a rope."

"Well then, what is it...if it's not a rope?!"

"It's a bungee cord."

"A...bungee cord!

"Yes, a very long bungee cord!"

"Uh...Oops! I'm losing my balance. I'm slipping. I'm going to...! what...whaaa...oh...no...WHAAAAAAAAAaaiiiieeeeeEEEEEOOOOooooo-o-o-o-o-o aaiiiieeeeeeeeeEEEEEEEEOOOOOooooo-o-o-o-o-o o...aaaiiiieeeeeEEEEEOOOOooooo-o-o-o-o...aaaiiiieeeeEEEEEOOOOooooo-o-o-o-o...o-o-o-OOOOEEEEeeeeeiii..."

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selling it to the folks up in the rafters. (Yeah, Meltzer is right, there was a lot of "mat-wrestling" and rest holds back then, even when Race and Funk were in the ring, but nevertheless, those guys were doing highspots on the mat.)

Of course, I enjoyed seeing the clip of the Seniors Battle Royal from N.J. in '89. Aside from getting a few grains of nostalgia in my throat when I saw my personal all time favorite Ray Stevens in the ring with Kowalski, Nick Bockwinkel, Bobo Brazil, Crusher, Thesz, Jay Strongbow, Dom DeNucci, Edward Carpentier, etc., I also got that funny feeling in my chest that some of us get when we realize how far pro wrestling has come...and gone.

When you get a chance, watch how Stevens windmills his right arm just before he let's himself get whipped full blast over the top rope. Without this little touch (the windmill), it's just a shot of another guy going over the top, albeit really fast. With it, the bump (and the speed) is a classic wrestling maneuver. Ever wonder who Bobby Heenan learned it from? As for that matter, who did Ray Stevens learn it from? Roy Shires? And so on. (Next time Van Hammer gets snapped over the top, see if he does it. Not.)

By the way, where can I get a copy of that riveting outside-the-ring painting of Dick The Bruiser which was held up to the camera by painter-

NEW YORK, NY -- (WNY-TV, CHANNEL 8) "Police are still trying to determine the identity of an open-mouth, comatose, naked man, a man who's eyes were bulging almost completely out of their sockets when they found him today handcuffed and suspended by a bungee cord in mid-air approximately three-fourths of the way down the side of the Empire State Building. Police said the terrified look of horror frozen on the naked man's agonized facial features was probably due to the fact that, instead of the bungee cord being attached to the usual harness apparatus, the colorful cord was tied around the naked man's balls. Dramatic eye-witness film at eleven!"

Squared Circle Squid: Please be advised that red notations on or inside your envelope represent the spirit of all Sushi reincarnations! Still virgin when it comes to ordering tapes listed in the sheets? Before buying, don't be afraid to question sellers, especially dealers offering "raw footage" of matches shot with home video cams, advises Sheldon Goldberg of pro wrestling's merchandise & memorabilia newsletter Mat Marketplace which recently celebrated its 2nd year serving traders and collectors world-wide. Questions about video equipment used, type of tape used for copies, image quality, and how tapes will be shipped (1st class or slower) could be asked before sending money, according to Goldberg in ish #12...If Yokozuna is from the Polynesian Islands, why does Fuji carry a flag from the Land of the Rising Sun? Old habits and zenophobias die hard.

The way Howard Finkel's replacement Mike McGurk announces the ring entrance of Damian Demento--"From the Outer Reaches of Your Mind!" In my case, sometimes, the outer reach isn't very far, like when I'm watching the 300th match at a live WWF taping: Music, crowd noise, squash! Music, crowd noise, squash! Music, crowd noise... If ever there was another big war and I got called to fight in it and the other side captured me and threatened to torture information out of me by forcing me to watch videos of WWF tapings (nonstop!), without batting an eye I'd tell 'em to bring in the stenographer. Two stenographers! Man those all night WWF marathons are brutal. So, where will I be on 1/25 in San Jose?

Is Damian Demento Jesse The Body's other day job when he's not being mayor or a WCW voice? Jesse Ventura telling wrestle-radio host Mike Tenay of Vegas that he might want to become a U.S. Senator? Sort of scary when you think about it. Entertaining maybe (when he's on the Senate floor filibustering about what the U.S. should do with Saddam Hussein), but nonetheless scary when you consider he could become a high-ranking member of the Senate and, Heaven forbid, find himself somewhere in line for succession to the Presidency! But think about it. Ala' the Anita Hill vs Judge Clarence Thomas hearings--Jesse Ventura chairing the televised Senate committee investigation into the WWF, and saying something to Vince McMahon, like, "Where were you and what did you know?" just as Papa Shango, Doink The Clown, and Razor Ramon do a run-in with smoking skull, squirt bottle, and toothpick!

Said a serious looking Samoan attending a recent WWF gig in the S.F. Bay Area before Doink potato'd Brian Adams: "Crush may be big and talk hoolie but he ain't my brudda!" (Maybe Doink is on the payroll of the large Samoan community in these parts...) Why is Doink's clown face make-up so familiar? It's been so long since I've been to a show put on by the "real" circus. Let's see. John Wayne Gacy, the death row serial killer, often dressed as a clown to "entertain" sick children. And former Tape Update/Rasslin Riot editor (turned pro wrestler/pizza shop owner) Brian Tramel wears a clown mask when he's in the ring. Or was Gacy the pizza maker? (Hey, BT, we still miss ya, brudda!) Very funny is what Dave Leehy is of VWA Championship Wrestling in Richmond, VA: When he sent in his \$1 w/SASE he addressed the envelope to Sushiland, all right, but instead of my name he puts, yeah, "To: Brian Tramel" on the envelope. Funny, Leheey. But aren't "comebacks" what pro wrestling

wrestler Wayne de Wayne?
And where have I seen the
painting before? It
looks familiar. And does
Wayne really wrestle?
And paint? He looks like
a serial killer with
Jimmy Snuka eyes.

Harry, in utterly
selfless, remarkably
generous, ombudsman-like
fashion, you have devoted
a lot of your life and
energy to the pro
wrestling culture. I
know for a fact this one-
hour film you and your co-
hosts have put together
is just one of a number
of like projects you have
created. You, and others
like you, are living
proof that a person does
not have to take bumps,
be a big-time regional or
national promoter, edit a
sheet, write a column, or
even do a wrestling radio
show to also be a valued
member of the greater
grap community. If there
ever is a Pro Wrestling
Hall of Fame Award that
recognizes the efforts
and contributions some
fans make...well,
Harry...now I know why,
in the St. Louis area,
they call you "The
Commissioner."

JEFF

[Editor's note: Last I
heard, Mike Lano of 68
Sable Point, Alameda, CA
94501, is working with
many members of the
greater grap community to
hold a Muchnick "roast"
and mini-convention May 8-
9 in St. Louis. Contact
Mike for details. For
availability of Harry
White's tribute tape,
contact him at 1075
McCausland, St. Louis, MO
63117.]

is all about?

⑧

When the former WCW Steiners appeared for the first time on the
promo for ROYAL RUMBLE vs The Beverlys I did not notice my pulse rate
quicken. Too often, I guess, the Big Switch (from WCW to WWF) has not
lived up to expectations, with Ric Flair being the latest "superstar"
who did not actually go "nova" in Titan. In a way, this is unfair,
because what Vince does best, when he "raids" talent, is to take semi-
nowhere guys, or guys with promise, like "Big Bubba" Rogers, "Mean Marc"
Calloway, and Scott Hall and turn them into something better than what
they were, namely Big Boss Man, Undertaker, and Razor Ramone. Yes, when
I come to think of it, stars like Sid Vicious, The Road Warriors, Dusty
Rhodes. etc., never really exceeded or surged beyond the charisma and
interest most of us had for them when they were in WCW. All of Vince's
faults notwithstanding, his taking of little known and/or mid-card ham
and eggheads and turning them into "specialties of the house" is one of
the few areas where I can still feel comfortable admiring him (and the
person who probably has the most to do with making the Pygmalion efforts
work...Pat Patterson.) Nevertheless, it will still be interesting to
see how over and how bright the star of another former WCW super-star-
that-got-away, Lex Luger, shines as events unfold...

Just got a great call from a reader back east who got their 68-
page copy of Ron Lemieux's ARENA REPORT YEARBOOK (\$9 to P.O. Box 952547,
Lake Mary, FL 32795) containing, according to them, the kind of articles
that used to appear in Meltzer's annuals when he was still doing them (a
5½-page interview with one of the "original" hardcores--and current
Sushibandito--Pete Lederberg, a 4-page comparison of Marvel Comics with
WCW, by Jeff Siegel, and 5-pages by the always interesting former editor
of Matwatch, Steve Beverly, regarding the ratings realities facing
today's television grap shows.) With luck, in a couple days when it
arrives here, I'll be reading my own copy of AR'92'YB which I understand
contains features and stuff by many of you...and some fella named Riki-
Jack Hammeroyd?!

I don't want to be accused by the U.S. government for starting
something illegal here, or for getting someone in trouble with the
"real" Fed, but have you ever noticed the marks and comments some people
write on U.S. paper money? The other day I picked-up a \$1 bill and
coming out of the mouth of George Washington were the hand printed words
in ink, "I'm a fan of Erik Watts!" What are the odds of something like
that happening, since there are not that many wrestling fans out there,
and since not a whole lot of them feel that way about Erik? Actually,
I'd like to say I got the bombed buck from my neighborhood Seven-Eleven
Store, but actually it came in the mail along with an SASE from Terry
Teagarden of Toledo, OH, who I'm sure was just kidding. Right,
Terry?...Speaking of "Narcissus", Bobby Heenan warned us that "the
drapes will drop and so will the mouths of every man, woman, and child
when you feast your eyes on Narcissus." I recall the last time when the
drapes dropped out walked Vinnie Vegas...as Oz! But, hey, credit given
where credit is due. Vinnie and Tony Atlas put on a pretty good arm
wrestling match during the CLASH. Did you notice that more "cords" were
popping-up on their faces than along their shoulders and arms?! Would a
skit featuring Missy and Hank Aaron have done better? Naw. Hank
wouldn't look good in a bikini!

That's it Sushimob. This fish is fried! Again, welcome back all
of you who sent in the \$1 w/ SASE. Please send 'em in again, quick as
possible, because we'll be returning with a stack of your hilarious
letters to the editor, and more "surprises!" either right after the
ROYAL RUMBLE, or sometime around WCW's SUPERBRAWL III...when you least
expect it!--Jeff, Riki-Jack, and Jubie Jay